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Poetry.

[For the Chronicle.]

THE HERO OF THE ARCTIC.

BY FLORUS B. PLIMPTON.

[Suggested on reading the passage in Tozer's statement of the Arctic calamity, where young Hickson is described as firing the signal-gun at the very moment the ship was sinking.]

On the quarter-deck of the Artic stood
The hero-boy undaunted,
Like Hope with her calm heart unsubdued,
And her angel face enchanted.
While stout hearts quailed, and wildly rose
The tempest of commotion,
The brave boy gave the signal-guns
To the misty waste of Ocean.

Despair and the phantom Terrors round
The masts and the spars were flying,
While wildly swept o'er the surging waves
The wail of the lost and dying.
But hark!—though the death-pall hangs above,
And the grave is yawning under,
The signal-gun through the misty gloom
Still speaks in tones of thunder.

Then the craven fled and the timid wept,
And prayers to heaven were given,
As the fuming waters round them closed,
And the iron ribs were riven.
And lo! the dun clouds glow and glare,
And the masts are wildly reeling:
The signal-blaze the calm, pale form
Of the hero-boy revealing.

Slow sank the gallant ship, the sea
Her green waves o'er her meeting;
And the hearts that thrilled to love and fear,
Forgot the woe of beating.
But hark! the signal-gun once more,
And the clouds repeat the story—
Brave boy! that halo-light to death
Was thy halo-robe of glory!

Elmira, N. Y., June, 1855.

THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered "no!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou not some favor'd spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer "no!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such lovely face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace—
Tell me, in all thy rounds,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And with voice sweet, but sad, responded "no!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love; best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered, "yes, in Heaven."

Choice Miscellany.

[From the Home Magazine.]

THE TWO HOMES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two men, on their way home, met at a street crossing, and then walked on together. They were neighbors and friends.

"This has been a very hard day," said Mr. Freeman, in a gloomy voice.

"A very hard day," echoed, almost sepulchrally, Mr. Walcott. "Little or no cash coming in—payments heavy—money scarce, and at ruinous rates.—What is to become of us?"

"Heaven only knows," answered Mr. Freeman. For my part, I see no light ahead. Every day comes new reports of failures, every day confidence diminishes; every day some prop that we leaned upon is taken away."

"Many think we are at the worst," said Mr. Walcott.

"And others, that we have scarcely seen the beginning of the end"—returned the neighbor.

And so, as they walked homeward, they discouraged each other, and made darker clouds that obscured their whole horizon.

"Good evening," was at last said, hurriedly; and the two men dashed into their homes.

Mr. Walcott entered the room, where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking to any one, seated himself in a chair, and leaning his head back, closed his eyes. His countenance wore a sad, weary, exhausted look. He had been seated thus for only a few minutes, when his wife said, in a fretful voice—

"More trouble again."

"What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Walcott, almost starting.

"John has been sent home from school."

"What!" Mr. Walcott partly arose from his chair.

"He's been suspended for bad conduct."

"O dear!" groaned Mr. Walcott—"Where is he?"

"Up in his room. I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him. He'll be ruined if he goes on in this way. I'm out of heart with him."

Mr. Walcott, excited as much by the manner in which his wife conveyed unpleasant information, as by the information itself, started up, under the blind impulse of the moment, and going to the room where John had been sent on coming home from school, punished the boy severely, and this, without listening to the explanations which the poor child tried to make him hear.

"Father," said the boy, with forced calmness, after the cruel stripes had ceased—"I was not to blame; and if you will go with me to the teacher, I can prove myself innocent."

Mr. Walcott had never known his son to tell an untruth; and the words smote with rebuke on his heart.

"Very well—we will see about that"—he answered, with forced sternness, and leaving the room he went down stairs, feeling much worse than when he went up. Again he seated himself in his large chair, and again leaned back his weary head, and closed his heavy eyelids. Sadder was his face than before. As he sat thus, his oldest daughter, in her sixteenth year, came and stood by him. She held a paper in her hand—

"Father"—he opened his eyes.

"Here's my quarter bill. It's twenty dollars. Can't I have the money to take to school with me in the morning?"

"I'm afraid not"—answered Mr. Walcott, half sadly.

"Nearly all the girls will bring in their money to-morrow; and it mortifies me to be behind the others." The daughter spoke fretfully. Mr. Walcott waved her aside with his hand, and she went off muttering and pouting.

"It is mortifying," spoke up Mrs. Walcott, a little sharply—"and I don't wonder that Helen feels unpleasantly about it. The bill has to be paid, and I don't see why it may not be done as well first as last."

To this Mr. Walcott made no answer. The words but added another pressure to the burden under which he was already staggering. After a silence of some moments, Mrs. Walcott said—

"The coal is all gone."

"Impossible!" Mr. Walcott raised his head, and looked incredulous. "I laid in sixteen tons."

"I can't help it, if there were sixty tons, instead of sixteen; it's all gone—girls had a time of it to-day, to scrape up enough to keep the fire going."

"There's been a shameful waste somewhere," said Mr. Walcott, with strong emphasis, starting up, and moving about the room, with a very disturbed manner.

"So you always say, when anything is out," answered Mrs. Walcott, rather tartly. "The barrel of flour is gone, also; but I suppose you have done your part, with the rest, in using it up."

Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and again seating himself, leaned back his head and closed his eyes, as at first.—How sad, and weary, and hopeless he felt. The burdens of the day had seemed almost too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely. To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances, he had come home. Alas! that the process of exhaustion should still go on. That where only strength could be looked for, no strength was given.

When the tea-bell rung, Mr. Walcott made no movement to obey the summons.

"Come to supper," said his wife coldly.

But he did not stir.

"Ain't you coming to suppper?" she called to him, as she was leaving the room.

"I don't wish anything this evening. My head aches badly," he answered.

"In the dumps again," muttered Mrs. Walcott to herself. "It's as much as one's life is worth to ask for money, or to say that anything is wanted." And she kept on her way to the dining-room. When she returned, her husband was still sitting where she had left him.

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?" she asked.

"No; I don't wish anything."

"What is the matter, Mr. Walcott? What do you look so troubled about, as if you hadn't a friend in the world?—What have I done to you?"

There was no answer, for there was not a shade of real sympathy in the voice that made the queries—but rather a querulous dissatisfaction. A few moments Mrs. Walcott stood near her husband; but as he did not seem inclined to answer her questions, she turned off from him, and resumed the employment which had been interrupted by the ringing of the tea-bell.

The whole evening passed without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a healthful pulsation to the sick heart of Mr. Walcott. No thoughtful kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but, on the contrary, narrow regard for self, and looking to him only to supply the means of self-gratification.

No wonder, from the pressure which was on him, that Mr. Walcott felt utterly discouraged. He retired early, and sought to find that relief from mental disquietude, in sleep, which he had vainly hoped for, in the bosom of his family. But the whole night passed in broken slumber, and disturbing dreams. From the cheerless morning meal, at which he was reminded of the quarter-bill that must be paid, of the coal and flour that were out, and of the necessity of supplying Mrs. Walcott's empty purse, he went forth to meet the difficulties of another day, faint at heart, and almost hopeless of success. A confident spirit, sustained by home affections, would have carried him through; but unsupported as he was, the burden was too heavy for him, and he sank under it. The day that opened so unpropitiously, closed upon him a ruined man!

Let us look, for a few moments, upon Mr. Freeman, the friend and neighbor of Mr. Walcott. He, also, had come home weary, dispirited, and almost sick. The trials of the day had been unusually severe; and when he looked anxiously forward to scan the future, not even a gleam of light was seen along the black horizon.

As he stepped across the threshold of his dwelling, a pang shot through his heart; for the thought came, "How slight the present hold upon all these comforts!" Not for himself, but for his wife and children, was the pain.

"Father's come!" cried a glad little voice on the stairs, the moment his footfall sounded in the passage; then quick, pattering feet were heard—and then a tiny form was springing into his arms.—Before reaching the sitting-room, Alice, the oldest daughter, was by his side, her arm drawn fondly within his, and her loving eyes lifted to his face.

"Are you not late, dear?" It was the gentle voice of Mrs. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman could not trust himself to answer. He was too deeply troubled in spirit to assume, at the moment, a cheerful tone, and he had no wish to sadden the hearts that loved him, by letting the depression, from which he was suffering, become too clearly apparent. But the eyes of Mrs. Freeman saw quickly below the surface.

"Are you not well, Robert?" she enquired, tenderly, as she drew her large arm-chair toward the center of the room.

"A little head-ache," he answered, with slight evasion.

Scarcely was Mr. Freeman seated, ere a pair of little hands were busy with each foot, removing gaiter and shoe, and supplying their place with a soft slipper.—There was no one in the household who did not feel happier on his return, nor one who did not seek to render him some kind office.

It was impossible, under a burst of such heart-sunshine, for the spirit of Mr. Freeman long to remain shrouded. Almost imperceptibly to himself gloomy thoughts gave place to more cheerful ones, and by the time tea was ready, he had half forgotten the fears which had so haunted him through the day. But they could not be held back altogether, and their existence was marked, during the evening, by an unusual silence and abstraction of mind. This was observed by Mrs. Freeman, who more than half suspecting the cause, kept back from her husband the knowledge of certain matters about which she intended to speak with him—for she feared they would add to his mental disquietude. During the evening, she gleaned from something he said, the real cause of his changed aspect. At once her thoughts commenced running in a new channel. By a few leading remarks, she drew her husband into conversation on the subject of home expenses, and the propriety of restriction at various points. Many things were mutually pronounced superfluous, and easily to be dispensed with; and before sleep fell soothingly on the eyelids of Mr. Freeman, that night an entire change in their style of living had been determined upon—a change that would reduce their expenses at least one half.

"I see light ahead," were the hopeful words of Mr. Freeman, as he resigned himself to slumber.

With renewed strength of mind and body, and a confident spirit, he went forth on the next day—a day that he had looked forward to with fear and trembling. And it was only through this renewed strength and confident spirit, that he was able to overcome the difficulties that loomed up, mountain high, before him. Weak despondency would have ruined all. Home had proved his tower of strength—his walled city. It had been to him as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Strengthened for the conflict, he had gone forth again into the world, and conquered in the struggle.

"I see light ahead," gave place to "The morning breaketh."

NOVEL MODE OF PAYING THE PRINTER.

I once had the pleasure of listening to a colloquy between an editor and a farmer, which struck me as being decidedly novel and unique. For the benefit of those who "can't afford to pay the Printer," I conceive its relation not to be inappropriate, and it is for those it is written."

Early in the spring of 18—, I casually happened up in the office of my friend C., whom I found earnestly engaged in a spirited conversation with farmer B.—Just as I entered the office, with vehement gesticulations, flinging his arms midair, then lowering them as if to pump out his words, he said, in the conclusion of a sentence, and in answer to an interrogation of the editor, "can't afford it sir—should like to have your paper sir, but can't afford it, country is new, expenses high, must provide for my family first, 'charity commences at home first,' as I once read in a newspaper."

"I can," resumed the editor, "show you a novel mode of paying the printer. I will cite it to you, not because I wish to get your subscription money, but merely to convince you that you are perfectly able to take a paper, and can afford it, and after taking it will be thoroughly persuaded that it would be showing charity at home. You have hens at home of course. Well, I will send you my paper for one year for the proceeds of a single hen, merely the proceeds.—It seem trifling, preposterous to imagine the products of a single hen will pay the subscription; perhaps it won't, but I make the offer.

"Done," said farmer B., "I agree to it," and appealing to me as a witness in the affair.

The farmer went away apparently much elated with his conquest, and the editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled on, and the world revolved on its axis, and the sun moved on its orbit just as it formerly did, the farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information obtained from it. He not only knew the affairs of his own country, but became conversant upon the leading topics of the day, and the political and financial convulsions of the times. His children delighted too, in perusing the contents of their weekly visitor. In short he said he was "surprised at the progress of himself, and family in general information."

Sometime in the month of September, I happened again up in the office, when who should step in but our friend the farmer.

"How do you do, Mr. B.," said the editor, extending his hand, and his countenance lit up with a bland smile, "Take a chair, sir, be seated, fine weather we have."

"Yes, sir, quite fine, indeed," answered the farmer, shaking the proffered, 'paw' of the editor, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B. hitched his chair back and forward, and twirled his thumbs abstractly, and spit profusely. Starting up quickly, he addressed the editor, "Mr. C. I have brought you the proceeds of that hen."

It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could scarcely keep my risibles down. When at the wagon, the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products of the hen, which, on being counted, amounted to eighteen pullets, worth a shilling each, and a number of dozen of eggs, making in the aggregate at the least calculation $2,50, one dollar more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he "of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it too. I don't miss this from my roost, yet I have paid a year's subscription and a dollar over. All folly, there is no man but can take a paper, it's charity, sir, charity you know commences at home."

"But," resumed the editor, "I will pay you what is over the subscription. I did not institute this as a means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay you for—"

"Not a bit of it, sir, a bargain is a bargain, and I am already repaid, sir—doubly paid, sir. And whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will cite him to the hen story. Good day, gentlemen."

After his departure, the editor and myself took a hearty laugh at the novelty of the idea, and the complete success of the enterprise. Many a subscriber did the farmer send in, and in course of a number of years, during which he continued to take the paper, it was his wont to relate his "novel mode of paying the printer,' to his guests, who were not a few, as his general information, for which he always thanked Mr. C., the editor, made him a desirable companion, both to old and young, and of invaluable service to community in which he lived. He became noted as being a man of much reading, and extensive information. As he was courted by the wise so did he court the company of the illiterate, and many the individual whose soul was lighted by the lamp of his knowledge. His motto was ever, "my light is none the less for lightening that of my neighbor's." Emulate it, kind reader.—*Lagrange (Ia.) Whig.*

THE BEAUTIFUL AND TASTEFUL IN EDUCATION.

"Why should not the interior of our school houses aim at somewhat of the taste and elegance of the parlor? Might not the vase of flowers enrich the table, the walls display not only well executed maps, but historical pictures or engravings; and moralist or sage, orator or father of his country? Is it alleged that the expenses thus incurred, would be thrown away, and the beautiful objects defaced. This is not a necessary result.

I have been informed by teachers who had made the greatest advances towards appropriate and elegant accommodations for their pupils, that it was not so. They have said it was easier to enforce habits of neatness and order among objects whose taste and value made them worthy of care, than amid the parsimony of of apparatus, whose pitiful meanness operates as a temptation to waste and destroy.

Let the communities, now so anxious to raise the standard of education, venture the experiment of a more liberal adornment of their dwellings. Let them put more faith in that respect for the beautiful which really exists in the young heart, and requires only to be called forth and nurtured to become an ally of virtue, and a handmaid to religion. Knowledge has a more imposing effect upon the young mind, when it stands like the Apostle at the beautiful gate of the temple. Memory looks back to it more joyously, from the distant or desolated tracks of life, for the bright scenery of its early path.

I hope the time is coming when every isolated village school house shall be an Attic temple, in whose interior the occupant may study the principles of symmetry and grace. Why need the structures where the young are initiated into those virtues which make life beautiful, be divorced from taste and comfort? Do any reply that the "perception of the beautiful" is but a luxurious sensation, and may be dispensed with in systems of education which this age of *utility* establishes? Is not the culture the more demanded to throw a healthful leaven into the mass of society, and to serve as some counterpoise for that love or accumulation, which pervades every rank and spreads even in consecrated places the tables of money-changers?

In ancient times, the appreciation of whatever was beautiful in the frame of nature, was accounted salutary by sages and philosophers. Galen says "he who has two loaves of bread, let him sell one and buy flowers, for bread is food for the body, *but flowers are food for the soul.*" If "*perception of the beautiful*" may be made conducive to present and future happiness, if it have a tendency to refine and sublimate the character, ought it not to receive culture throughout the whole process of education? It takes root, most naturally and deeply, in the simple and loving heart; and is, therefore, peculiarly fitted to the early years of life, when, to borrow the words of a German writer, "every sweet sound takes a sweet odor by the hand, and walks in through the open door of the child's heart."—MRS. SIGOURNEY, *in Common School Journal.*

THE SUN INHABITABLE.

Sir David Brewster makes the following remarks relative to the structure of the sun: So strong has been the belief that the sun cannot be a habitable world, that a scientific gentleman was pronounced by his medical attendant to be insane, because he had sent a paper to the Royal Society, in which he maintained that the light of the sun proceeds from a dense and universal aurora, which may afford ample light to the inhabitants of the surface beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to be among them; and there may be water and dry land there, hills and dales, rain and fair weather, and that as the light and seasons must be eternal, the sun may easily be conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system. In less than ten years after this apparently extravagant notion was considered a proof of insanity, it was maintained by Sir William Herschel as rational and probable opinion, which might be deducible from his own observations on the structure of the sun.

A pleasure excursion is talked of from New York to Sevastopol.

[From the Cin. Home Journal.]

AN UNKIND WORD.

Who can tell the misery an unkind word or expression may cause a sensitive heart. A meaningless word, uttered without a moment's thought, and without the least expectation of the grief it may produce, has embittered many a heart, and been the means of separating those who have been heretofore dear and loved friends. How frequently does it happen that a word is spoken, before due reflection is had, which the utterer would give worlds to be able to recall, but circumstances intervene—the word remains unrecalled, and two hearts go down to the grave, it may be in sorrow, all from the effects of an unconsidered expression, or a thoughtless word.

We knew a young girl, whose fair hopes were blasted in life, and who sank to rest in the spring time and glory of her childhood, solely from the effects of hasty, idle words spoken to one she truly loved, but who had unintentionally angered her. They parted in sorrow and tears, by the shore of one of our northern lakes, where the lady resided; they had been wandering on its bank, weaving a bright web for the future, but a few moments before those unkind words were spoken. The lady's pride would not suffer her to make concessions then, and so they parted.

He was to have come to her home that night, and she could then beg forgiveness, and be forgiven. At an early hour, she was seated in the ivy-shaded porch, before the door, waiting for his coming. She waited long, and watched anxiously, but still he came not; she did not think it could be possible, that he would never come, that she had offended him to the heart. She waited until the lights in the neighboring cottages had disappeared, their inmates retiring to rest, and then, with her cheeks wet with tears, and sobbing convulsively, she sought in her pillow that relief which she was never more to know.

He never came. He left her side with grief and disappointment at his heart. He had not thought the idol of his soul could ever use such words to him. He sought his boat in which he had often sailed with her upon the lake in the clear moonlight of a quiet sky. He lost himself in reflection, and heeded not whither the boat was tending. That night a storm arose—one of those sudden, fearful tornadoes which are not uncommon to our lakes. Next morning, the lady's heart was broken, for the news had come that the waves had washed on shore the lifeless form of her affianced.

She raved in wild delirium, and accused herself of his murder: but her grief did not last long; it was assuaged in death, and the grave closed over her in a short month after the night she had spoken those unkind words.

Numberless instances of an equally melancholy character might be enumerated to prove the importance of weighing one's expressions before they are uttered; but we trust enough has been said, to at least cause every one to think of what we have said, and pause and ponder before they give utterance to an unkind word—remembering ever that it is easier to let it remain unspoken than to recall it after once being breathed.

An unkind word may often cause
The burning tears to flow,
And after years embitter with
Remorse, regret and woe.

Be careful then how from your lips
A syllable is given,
Which may embitter future years,
And tarnish youth's bright heaven.

THE ESTATE OF MADAME DU LUX.

An argument has been had for the last two days before the Surrogate of the city of New-York in this important and interesting case. The parties appearing before the Court are the public Administrator of the city of New-York on behalf of the rights of the city New-York; the Hon. Salmon P. Chase of Ohio on the part of the son, John P. Ferrie, of Cincinnati, claiming to be heir to the estate; and Messrs. John Jay and Charles E. Whitehead on the part of the French Consul and unknown French heirs. A motion was made on the part of the French Consul for a roving commission to be issued to St. Girons and Massat, the places of nativity of Madame Du Lux and her alleged son, in order to obtain further testimony in regard to the succession. This motion was opposed by the claimant, and it was urged that letters of administration be forthwith granted to John P. Ferrie, the alleged son. The curious features of this romantic case were fully reported when the case was originally argued. Since that time another feature has been brought before the Court. The Legislature passed a law giving the right to illegitimate children to inherit from their mother in default of lawful issue, Thus stands the case at present. The prize is large and the exertions of the attorneys equally strenuous.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BEHAVIOR IN SOCIETY.

The person who goes into society with the simple wish to please and to be pleased, generally succeeds in both objects.

The individual who wishes to be welcome in society must extinguish in himself the weak desire of "showing off."

To dress in a more costly manner than the majority of the company can afford, is the extreme of vulgarity.

But to be indifferent to dress is usually a mark of excessive vanity; as though one would say, "I am charming enough without the aid of outward adornment. The forms of etiquette are the safeguards against impertinence, and it is best, in a miscellaneous company, to observe them punctilliously.

To be perfectly polite, it is only necessary to be perfectly just—to conform to the golden rule—to render to all their due respect, consideration, and service.

To acquire elegance of manner, *observe* those who possess it, and divine their secret. Self possession is half the battle; a good heart and a little practice will do the rest.

The most graceful thing a person can do in company is to pay attention to those who are least likely to have attention—that is, those whose friendship does not confer honor, nor their conversation pleasure.

Affectation is the bane of social intercourse at present. All who would really please must avoid it utterly.

In fine, those who wish to please in society must have a kind heart, a well-informed mind, a graceful manner, and becoming attire. These are welcome everywhere.

THE HUDSON AND THE RHINE.

In a recent work, a "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters," by the Earl of Carlisle, formerly Lord Morphth, under which latter name he visited the United States in 1841–'42, we find the following comparison between the Rhine and the Hudson, which, coming from a competent head is worthy of note:

"JUNE 6TH.—Started to ascend the Rhine. I will not invade the province of poets, tourists, and hand-books, by any detail of its well-known scenery. I had felt some curiosity to compare it with the Hudson. Even apart from all association with history, legend and song, every building on the Rhine, from castle to granary, is picturesque, while every building in the United States, whatever its other more important characteristics may be, is essentially the reverse. Then, the vineyards on the Rhine, though not strictly a beautiful feature, give an air, at least an idea, of genial animation to the steep slopes and narrow clefts in which they are imbedded. So much on the side of the Rhine. I am inclined to to think that the natural sites and outline of the Hudson are finer; but the great point of superiority is the look of movement on the river itself; every one of its varied reaches is sure of being at all times spangled with white sails; whereas I felt quite astonished at the small appearance of traffic on the Rhine. I had always looked upon it as the great highway of all the German nations, for the tolls of which free cities and powerful leagues had competed, and states and empires protocolled and fought; but one of the large timber-rafts, and a few steamers of very narrow girth, were all I saw to-day, to compete with all the life and business that swarm on the Hudson, the Thames, or the Clyde."

OUR SILVER COINAGE.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier says:

The Treasury is now burthened with the custody of over five millions of dollars in three cent pieces. Two or three years ago there was a universal complaint of the scarcity of small coins, either American or foreign. Mr. Hunter's coinage bill was passed slightly reducing the actual value of our silver coin and providing for its more rapid manufacture. The expected results have followed. The wants of circulation have been fully supplied; but another less desirable consequence has ensued, to wit: this small change has become a drug. People will not take it, and the law makes it a legal tender in sums of not over five dollars. Though the inconvenience of an inadequate supply of small change was a serious one, prudent financiers expressed doubts of the soundness of the remedy adopted at the time it was proposed. Orders have been issued to suspend the coinage of quarters and halves, and the operations of the mint are much reduced.

PLEASURE and pain, though directly opposite, are yet contrived by nature as to be constant companions; and it is a fact, that the same motion and muscles of the face are employed both in laughing and crying.

LAID WHEAT—A REMEDY.

The late heavy rains, acting upon a crop unusually prolific, a large portion has been beaten down, and many farmers fear that the lodged portion may never arise and ripen, especially as the indications are for wet weather.

It ought to be known that a very simple mechanical process, may save a large proportion of the grain now in danger.—I have tried it myself, and seen it tried repeatedly, and never without entire success.

It must be remembered or noted, that the lodging or falling down of wheat or rye, is never general, or covering a whole field, but in patches of larger or smaller extent.

Now let two men, with a light but strong pole, say sixteen feet long, commence at the side of the field where the blades have fallen *to the storm*, usually the west side, and passing the pole under sections, of from two to four feet in width, raise them, one after another, with a quick action, to the standing blades, from which it has fallen or separated, and the blades thus restored, are most likely to perfect their grain.

When the stalk or head is much weighed down with recent rain, as is likely to be the case at the present writing, it is very important that the operators should use a quick and violent action, and repeat it, if necessary, in order to detach the water from the heads and the shoulders of the blades.

Nor must it be objected to this proposition, that the tramping through the standing grain would injure it to any considerable extent. A careful man or boy may walk for a mile through ripening wheat, without breaking one hundred straws, by simply opening his path before him with his hands.

It is not quite so expeditious, but one man, with an eight foot pole, can operate and accomplish the same results.

I have done this thing, and seen it done repeatedly, and I know that if it is faithfully attended to it will not fail, and may save thousands of bushels of grain, where now the prospect appears disastrous.

Two men can raise from seven to ten acres of the heaviest wheat in one day.
—*Pitts. Gazette.* A. W. M.

Bigotry Rewarded.

We learn from some of our neighboring cotemporaries, that the good people from Brantford, have recently been favored with a subject of gossip,—and to many of them,—a subject of amusement. Mr. Comeford, a merchant of that town, being about to erect a monument to the memory of his deceased wife, was forbidden doing so by his priest, the Rev. Father Ryan. However, during the temporary absence of the clergyman, Mr. Comeford effected his purpose, which so greatly offended the Rev. gentleman, that on his return he denounced Mr. Comeford in unmeasured terms, going so far as to say that "Comeford would not erect a monument to the Glory of God, but had raised one to the glory of the devil!" This remark, casting a stigma on the memory of one, whose character was without a stain, so excited Mr. Comeford, that he demanded an explanation. This being flatly refused, it appears that he inflicted personal chastisement on Father Ryan.—*Toronto Globe.*

GLAD TO SEE THEIR HUSBANDS.—When the Golden Age came in yesterday, considerable excitement was created by a nice looking little lady, who, when the boat arrived, was dancing, clapping her hands and jumping as if she would jump out of her stockings, exclaiming, "there's my husband, there's my husband," and kissing her hand to a gentleman on the wharf. When the steamer was near enough, the happy-fellow jumped on board, to the great delight and amusement of the crowd, who by the shouts appeared to sympathize most heartily with the married lovers. Another lady equally joyful, was doomed to disappointment, as the gentleman she had been kissing her hand to was not the man after all.—*Cal. Times.*

BENEVOLENCE REWARDED—When Mr. Albert Morgan kept the Pavillion, at Gloucester, several years ago, one of his guests was an Englishman, named Erskine. He was attacked with the smallpox, and while all other attendants deserted him, Mr. Morgan ministered faithfully to his wants till he recovered. A day or two ago, we learn, the British consul communicated to Mr. Morgan the intelligence that Mr. Erskine had deceased, and left him by will the sum of $125,000. This is a munificent instance of English grattude, and the recipient of the good fortune is quite worthy of it. We trust the figure is not set too high.—*New-York Post.*

CONSCIENCE is a great ledger-book in which all our actions are written and registered.